

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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We hasten to press this time mid the annual distractions and stimulating perplexities of our Western anniversaries, and expect to greet many of our readers in person before we meet them through these pages. Everything bids fair for an important meeting, of which we hope to give in our next issue a full report. Any of our subscribers wishing to use extra copies of our annual Conference number, bearing date of June 1st, are asked to send in their application in time. They will be furnished free.

We take pleasure in announcing that Mr. Hosmer's Conference Sermon appears in *Unity Church-Door Pulpit* for May 23d, and is now ready for distribution. Churches can be supplied with extra copies at \$2.50 per hundred. Orders should be addressed to this office.

"Morality," says Mr. Salter in the anniversary address recently delivered before the society of Ethical Culture, "when fully thought out, means nothing but a transfigured world, a perfect order of society; to contribute to which consummation is the true part, and makes the dignity of every human being."

One of our most earnest and practical ministers asks whether it is not possible to secure from Eastern Unitarian ministers and churches the names and addresses of former parishioners who have moved Westward, and are now living beyond the reach of Unitarian privileges? Were their addresses known to our Western workers they might be used in a way to be profitable to all parties interested.

The *Union Signal* hurrahs for Rhode Island, the fifth State in making scientific temperance instruction an essen-

tial part of the public school teaching. We join in the cheer and earnestly look for the time when the three cheers may be proposed for the thirty-fifth State. Surely in this, as in every other way, the truth is stated in the rabbinical saying, "The world is saved by the breath of the school children."

We heartily respond to the kindly greetings of a Universalist minister in a private letter, who says:

"I regard it as a misfortune that the two bodies have been so absolutely separated in Boston, Chicago, and several places besides. The trinitarian Universalists of the Murray type have changed to the doctrine of the Unity, and the Unitarian believers of the dogmas of endless misery have long ceased to be. We are headed the same way, and our hearts and hands should be together in the labor of securing for humanity its native rights in the fields of God."

The Moral Educational Society of Chicago, which has been recently organized, will hold its first public meeting at the Clark St. Methodist church, May 28th, at 2 and 7:30 P. M. Dr. Thomas, Rabbi Hirsch, Bishop Fallows and others are expected to speak. We regret that lack of space prevents our publishing an interesting letter from the Secretary, Mrs. Mary Dye. Information regarding the workings of the Society can be obtained by addressing her at 383 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

The pert, not to say impertinent criticisms to which the woman lecturer was subject in the early portion of her career, is illustrated in an anecdote given of Mrs. Stanton, by Mrs. Devereux Blake, in an article published in the *New York Mail and Express*. A woman approached Mrs. Stanton after the lecture was finished, and asked her what she did with her children when she spoke in public. "Oh," was the reply, "it takes me no longer to come here to speak than it takes you to come here to listen; what have you done with your children during the two hours you have been sitting here?"

"The education by which you mean to get your bread and butter, your gloves and bonnets, is a very different affair from that which you take upon yourself as an ornament and interval in life," says Miss Phelps to the young women she is addressing in an article on self-supporting girls in the latest number of *St. Nicholas*. Thirteen is not too early an age for a girl to decide whether she means to remain dependent upon her father after her school days are over, or to enter upon a more self-reliant career of her own. "Ah," the writer continues, "you will never realize until you have tried it, what an immense power over the life is the power of possessing distinct aims. The voice, the dress, the look, the very motions of a person define and alter when he or she begins to live for a reason." But the girls who enter upon work only in the spirit of play, with no earnest desire to excel, had better never attempt work at all, since it is skilled labor the world demands, and is will-

ing to pay for, while the half finished work of amateurs is already a drug in the market, besides being one of the greatest obstacles to the honorable and successful employment of women with men in the world of industry and trade.

Trouble, sorrow and bereavement are hieroglyphics because our philosophy of life does not get beyond the circumstances of time. Trouble is, after all, our best teacher, and the opportunity to be and to do gathers most richly about the soul when it suffers. He who sits with folded hands in bitter grief, or recklessly resorts to expedients to while away the time of sorrow loses his opportunity and is made harder and narrower by his suffering. But he who turns to the higher helps will be guided "through the wintry woods into the spice-lands of character beyond." If, when God has emptied our hands of our work, we try bravely to do that work which He puts into them, we come out of the struggle with richer thought, more generous sympathy, and a moral character that, like the Tower of Strength, "stands four-square to every wind that blows."

"The pulpit has but few themes, yet because they are so great, and of such near relation to human needs, the interest in them remains," said one of our ministers a few Sundays ago. The statisticians are able to make out a very unflattering estimate of the relative number of churchgoers as compared to the larger public which stays at home and enjoys its leisure, but the spectacle of even one-third or one-fourth the population seeking their places in the pews regularly each Sunday morning to listen to the old repeated doctrines of faith and moral righteousness, is one to excite deep feelings of admiration and respect for this struggling, aspiring humanity of ours. There is a finer balance to be struck than any afforded in the rules of practical arithmetic, before we arrive at a correct understanding of the worth and influence of the pulpit among other life-serving and thought-provoking forces of the day.

Genuine enthusiasm possesses a beauty and power that command and receive recognition from the thoughtful. 'Tis true that human sight cannot long endure the brightness of celestial visitants, that human organizations can assimilate but very small quantities of angel's food, and that human hearts would be paralyzed if for any length of time they were keyed to the ecstasy of rapturous moments. But if we spend our common hours in comprehending and fulfilling the visions that come in moments of insight, we shall attain to that sustained calmness that results from restrained intensity of thought and subdued keenness of emotion. There is an enthusiasm which is itself a reaction from repressed thought, and which is of a very different type from the feeling which sits upon the fitful heights of felicity ready at any moment to plunge into the depths below. This enthusiasm can be neither checked nor chilled by the croakings of the unsympathetic. It can sing the commonest songs of life to a hallelujah measure.

UNITY agrees with the premises if not with the conclusions laid down in an argument set forth in an article in a late number of *The Northwestern* on "Purpose in Preaching." We are glad to give a second reading to extracts enclosing the following sentiments: "Preaching the gospel is not purposeless declamation or a mere literary perform-

ance in which from force of habit or to fill his appointment, a man occupies his hour in dealing with glittering generalities or dispensing diluted moralities." Such preaching is characterized by our contemporary as a "betrayal of the highest possible trust." We feel compelled, however, to state our disagreement with the assumption which follows, that it is especially inexcusable in the evangelical preacher to thus forfeit his high privileges and responsibilities as a public teacher. The virtues of earnestness and integrity of purpose are as needful to the liberal as the orthodox minister, whose aims, if broader, should be no less definitely shaped to his own and his hearer's mind, than those of the latter.

A correspondent offers the following pertinent question and comment, which, to our mind, represent a conclusion that is becoming more and more apparent, day by day:

"Why claim more for Christ than he claims for himself? Could he walk in our midst to-day as he did in Gallilee nineteen centuries ago, would he not now, as then, object to having his own name used as the only basis upon which people actuated by the Christly spirit are to unite to do the work he tried to do, viz., 'advancing the kingdom of God?' He did not say to his disciples they must call themselves Christians or they could not work with him, nor can we imagine him making such a requirement now. He directed the eyes of those whom he addressed not to himself but to God. He taught them to say 'Our Father,' not 'Our Christ.' By holding to this name alone as if it were the only name in heaven or among men whereby the world can be saved, the Christly spirit is lost, though the name be retained. The very zeal with which the name is held often shows how sadly the spirit is missed. The passionate zeal of the Crusaders to plant the Christian banner in the Holy Land but shows how sadly these brave men missed the Christly spirit. That men have made the word Christian narrower than the spirit and teachings of Jesus becomes apparent when we see such as Mozumdar making grateful recognition of Jesus, yet finding himself outside the pale of Christianity."

The truest laborers in the vineyard of the Highest are those who find their chief reward in labor's opportunity, and the consciousness of serving a useful purpose in the world. The conditions to such divine apprenticeship to toil are not easy, even to him who has learned that the largest results, those most worth striving for, are of a nature impersonal to the winner, except as he shares in common with his kind the benefits of a widening civilization, and an increasing spiritual enlightenment. Only the strong and patient soul can rest content in the indirect results of well-doing, those manifest in the growth of character and mental power, rather than in the more tangible form of direct reward and compensation. Man has much to learn from Nature in this respect, to be content with simple growing for the most part, as the plants are, with an occasional brief season of blossom and fruitage; to follow the example of the birds who sing from hearts full of love and happiness regardless of applause.

"The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they.
The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way."

Lucinda B. Chandler, in a lecture on "Subsistence and Justice," published in the *Weekly Magazine* of the 26th ult., tells the following suggestive story concerning the origin of the fine lace manufacturing in Brussels. We reprint it for the purpose of commending it to the attention of the delegates who will attend the Western Unitarian

Conference. That is a poor appreciation of religious truth that does not move the possessor thereof to impart the same to others:

"A poor girl named Gertrude was deeply attached to a young man whose wealth precluded all hope of marriage. One night, as she sat weeping, a lady entered her cottage and without saying a word placed in her lap a cushion with bodkins filled with thread. The lady then, in perfect silence, showed her how to work the bodkins and how to make all sorts of delicate patterns and complicated stitches. As daylight approached, the maiden had learned the art and the mysterious visitor had disappeared. The maiden grew rich by her work and married the object of her love. Years afterward, while living in luxury, she was startled by the mysterious lady entering the house, this time not silent but stern. She said, 'Here you enjoy peace and comfort, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you, you have not helped your neighbors. The angels weep for you and turn away their faces.' So the next day Gertrude went forth with her cushion and bodkin in hand, and going from cottage to cottage she taught the art she had so mysteriously learned, and comfort and plenty came to all."

Judging from the present state of affairs in Norway, a crisis must soon come, and the prediction that Oscar I. will be known as Norway's last king hardly seems unreasonable. Björnstjerne Björnson's fearless and bitterly sarcastic letter to one of the Christiana papers, severely condemning the recent action of the king in prosecuting certain outspoken journals on the ground that the king stands above all censure, led to the arrest and prosecution of the editor. Björnson, then in Paris, wrote:

Does he think we are blind? Is it not plain that at a time so critical as this, the press represents something more than the utterance of a single man? That it is the voice of the indignant nation, and that if the whole press were thrown into prison, even the stones would talk? The Government knows in its conscience that it is playing the role of a persecutor. It is afraid. It dreads the judgment of the people, and it will not succeed in its present attempt. I will come home. Be sure of that!

He has returned to Norway, and the next move of the kind is anxiously awaited.

This struggle has been going on since 1872, until now the Liberal party numbers three-fourths of the voting population, and are represented by the Houses of Assembly. In a recent proclamation the king refused to acknowledge the "iniquitous majority," as he called it, and now, as has been seen, public criticism of his acts is pronounced a criminal offense.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* for May 3d publishes in full Rev. M. J. Savage's Easter sermon on "Immortality from the Standard of the Modern World." The sermon itself is one more clear, earnest and honest statement of the grounds of hope for a continued existence, which abides with those who have ceased to pin their faith to miracle or supernatural and infallible texts recorded in the Bible. The editorial comment upon this sermon earnestly urges the claims of Spiritualism as helping to solve this problem, and doubtless justly suspects some ministerial brethren of having much more interest in the Spiritualistic movement than they have the courage to own. It is still difficult for this journal to understand that there are many who have the courage of their opinions, and in that courage frankly insist that their interest in the Spiritualists' line of argument and their alleged demonstration of immortality is in nowise identical with their interest in or hope of immortality. There are many who prefer the spirit's witness to this great possibility to any apparent physical demonstration of

the same; for, after all, the future life that is demonstrated by physical phenomena is hardly the spiritual life we yearn for. The rehabilitated Jesus in the story of the Resurrection came back into the realms of mortality and still had a body to dispose of, leaving the uncertainties of another death still in mind. There are many who find warmth rather than what our contributor, G. B. Stebbins, in the number of the journal under notice, calls chilliness in the suggestive "intimations" of immortality, to use Wordsworth's apt term, that they do not find in the positive assertions of those who undertake to prove it. Only fractional truths are demonstrable. Things comprehended are petty to those things apprehended by the soul.

OUR BEST WORDS' EXTRA.

An "extra" of J. L. Douthit's *Our Best Words* for April seems to demand a word of explanation on the part of the editor of this paper. It chiefly consists of extracts from private letters written some time ago, one of them four years old, and a reprint of an article published in the *Alliance* of three years ago, a paper now dead, and which was not at that or any other time an "orthodox Congregationalist paper," as the editor of *Our Best Words* states in his note. The purport of all these articles seems to be two-fold; 1, to explain why Mr. Douthit has "withdrawn his name as a member of the Western Unitarian Conference," 2, to force a discussion of the question as to whether Unitarians are "an organized body of Christian believers with the holy Son of God as captain, or whether they are only a nebulous, tenuous mass of humanity?" We respect too much the earnestness of our brother and have too high an admiration of his fervor to enter into a detailed discussion of this *extra*, which is replete with the extravagant rhetoric, inaccuracies and reflections of one's own personality which make the publication of "old letters" almost always a matter of questionable taste. But we are constrained to make a few statements in explanation, after making which we decline to enter into a fruitless discussion of words and personal convictions which time and individual study alone will decide.

1. The letter which Mr. Douthit wrote to the Secretary of the Western Conference, "nearly four years ago," was written to the Secretary and not to the Conference, without any request to make it public or any intimation that it was for publication, and we learn in this *Extra*, for the first time, that he expected it to be given to the Conference.

2. The reply made to the same, which the Secretary refused permission to print in this *Extra* "for what the author considers good reasons," was written simply in an unofficial capacity, as a friend, school-mate and fellow-worker. He forbade then, as now, any use of it which would seem to commit the Conference to the private opinions of its Secretary, or identify the convictions of the one with those of the other.

3. A large mass of "marked papers" necessarily find their way into an editor's waste-basket, and the *Alliance* of three years ago, containing the marked article of our Brother, was consigned to this too much neglected receptacle, because we believed then as now, that our space was too valuable to be wasted on the discussion of theological questions, colored with personalities.

4. The columns of *UNITY* have ever been open and frequently tendered to the use of our brother, in whom our constituency have much interest. Did he desire to reach

them, it was not necessary to travel to them *via* the *Alliance*.

5. The Western Conference was four years ago, as now, a delegate body. It had no individual membership, and as an individual Brother Douthit had no membership to withdraw. The Western Conference consisted at that time of the delegates which societies chose to send, and it has dealt only with societies thus represented. The church of which Mr. Douthit is pastor has made its annual contribution to our treasury five years out of the last seven years, one year doubling its apportionment. It has annually sent its statistical report to this office, this year included.

6. Since the incorporation of the Conference, two years ago, provision has been made for honorary individual membership as annual or life members, acquired by a money subscription. But inasmuch as Brother Douthit has never qualified himself in this way, he still has no membership to withdraw.

7. Brother Douthit seems to forget that three years ago, after writing the letter which he does not print even in this *Extra*, for the letter that appears is a reply to the reply, he did appear in person before the Conference, and, on its platform at St. Louis before a full attendance, made his statements essentially as they appear in this published correspondence. No man in our fellowship has been or will be more welcome to the exercises of the Western Conference than Brother Douthit.

8. It is Brother Douthit and not the Western Conference that undertakes to define the word Christian, and to declare who is and who is not of that fold. Some of us would have liked, upon the re-organization of the Conference, two years ago, to have given the basis of our incorporation some emphatic religious coloring, but a majority, solicitous for the feelings and anxious for justice to such constituents as Brother Douthit, decided that the only object of the Conference should be "the transaction of business for the general interests of the societies connected with it."

9. Brother Douthit assumes to know what "Christianity in its purity and simplicity" is, and concludes that some of us are outside of its pale. Brother Douthit's opinion is worthy of respect. We commend it for what it is worth, but venture to say that what appears to him to be simple and plain, appears to others as it has appeared in history—to be a complicated and difficult problem. It is not just to infer lack of honesty, earnestness or religious zeal and insight in those who are compelled to differ from him in matters of definition. We do not know what a "nebulous, tenuous mass of humanity" may be, but we are sure we like it, and are not ashamed to belong to it, if it is human; and a Christianity that uses any derisive adjectives towards it is not the Christianity we can take delight in or regret if we are counted out from. All this discussion about names seems to us, to quote the words of a young brother who is girding himself for the ministry of religion, "solemn trifling."

10. In justice to the consecrated labor bestowed upon many a non-triumphant effort in the West, we must also resent the old fling at "failures, which stare us in the face," etc. It comes with ill-grace from one who is the oldest Unitarian beneficiary in the West, who, after fifteen years hard labor, the last seven or eight years in a prosperous Illinois town of average intelligence, is still far from being self-supporting. Out of the thirteen or fourteen active Unitarian churches in the State of Illinois, his are the only chronic dependencies on the A. U. A. treasury. We say this not to disparage his excellent work, but to vindicate other work equally excellent and other workers equally self-sacrificing,

who have failed (?) for want of the outward help Brother Douthit has generously and deservedly received.

But we check ourselves and cease further counting. Brother Douthit's sincerity vindicates his spirit, but does not justify his narrowness, any more than did the sincerity of Calvin and Knox justify theirs. We deplore the publication of these old letters simply because they are unjust to the writer. In this attempt to hew to dogmatic lines he cuts into vascular tissue. There are published in the English language four weekly Unitarian papers, one fortnightly, and three or four semi-monthlies, to the columns of any of which our friend is always welcome, and still he tells us that in order to "have a periodical suitable to plain Christian people, that will build up rather than tear down, I have been obliged to edit and publish one myself." There are three or four Unitarian Sunday School song books, the Eastern and Western Sunday School societies have a list of half a hundred different kinds of lessons, and still he tells us he "must resort to Trinitarian publications." That he owes much of his spiritual tissue to these discarded helps and the men back of them no one would be more quick to assert than Brother Douthit himself. This internal antagonism is easily detected in his printed word. In one of these old letters he says:

"I felt at the time that if I had been in the Conference when it welcomed men to all out doors by ignoring the family name, Christian, I should have been compelled to count myself out."

While in his tract on "What Unitarians do and do not Believe" he says:

"While we accept the Christian Religion as God's truth destined to become universal, yet we believe there is some truth in all the great religions of earth and that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him."

Thus it would seem that at times our Brother thinks that a person may be "accepted of God" and yet not fit for his Christian fellowship; that he would like to establish Christianity as a sort of aristocracy among God's children, which avoids contact with the common herd of those who are merely righteous. In his tract he says:

"We do believe: That the *one thing needful* to salvation is to do the will of God according to the very best of our knowledge and ability,"

but in these letters he says:

"I have besought our Heavenly Father with importuning prayer to give me a clear vision of duty in this matter, and the answer has come in the words of our Master: 'Feed my lambs; offend not those who would be my disciples; give no uncertain sound to the multitude that must believe *on me*, not theorizing *about me—or perish*; and if there are other sheep that *will not* be of this fold, let them go their own way.'"

No one quotes more often or with more feeling than Brother Douthit the following words of Jesus:

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

and still he can say in his dogmatic moods of these sheep—"let them go their own way."

Douthit's religion is bigger than his theology, and in this he exemplifies a general law. If of our work he can say "my soul abhors," in his work we can heartily say our souls delight. He may deny the Western Conference; I am sure the Western Conference will still delight in him. He may turn us out of his church, but he cannot keep himself out of ours. If "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion" are "marginal things" to him, they are central things to us; consequently we must count him in, though his "freedom in Christ," as he explains it, counts us out. With him we

will try to continue to work for the enlightenment of the ignorant, encouragement of the neglected and the reformation of the sinful, leaving the coming dictionary to be formed by those subtle forces, which make, amend and enlarge the meaning of words which never have been and never will be more than inadequate symbols of the thoughts, feelings and aspirations of men.

Contributed and Selected.

A ROUNDEL.

"Others he saved; himself he could not save."
The poet's heart breathed out a song so rare
Its rapture bade all earth-born cares depart.
Men thought they read, revealed in beauty there,
The poet's heart.

Its words held naught of earthly sting or smart,
But touched with healing comfort all despair;
In lonely lives it helped fresh blossoms start;

To many a troubled soul it seemed like prayer;
And no one dreamed how vain its utmost art
To still the weary thoughts that filled with care
The poet's heart.

E. E. M.

THE MAY-BES.

With faces averted and hidden
They stand by the way,
And the secrets of days that are coming,
The sunny and gray,
They know, for they dwell by the borders
Where fate is at play.

What is it ye see in the future?
Does sorrow draw nigh?
What shape take the on-coming issues?
All vainly I cry,
For, pallid and voiceless forever,
They make no reply.

Oh phantoms and shades of a shadow;
That seek to appal,
Ye are powerless to daunt or to move me,
Whatever befall,
For unchanged by appeal or petition
The Will-be rules all.

LILY A. LONG.

RABIA.—II.

Some evil upon Rabia fell;
And one who knew and loved her well
Murmured that God with pain undue,
Should strike a child so fond and true;
But she replied: "Believe and trust
That all I suffer is most just;
I had in contemplation striven
To realize the joys of heaven;

I had extended fancy's flights
Through all that region of delights—
Had counted till the numbers failed,
The pleasures on the blest entailed—
Had sounded the ecstatic rest
I should enjoy on Alla's breast;
And for these thoughts I now atone,
That were something of my own,
And were not thoughts of Him alone."

—The Platonist.

MR. DOUTHIT'S POSITION.

It seems to me that Brother Jasper has left himself no ground to stand upon. For years he has been stretching his right hand over the land of Orthodoxy and crying that it was a waste and barren land and he would have none of it. Now he stretches his left hand over the region of rational Unitarianism and says he does not wish to stand there. In fact he has climbed the fence between Orthodoxy and Unitarianism, balanced himself as well as he could, and made a speech that will probably for a brief period attract some attention, but when he comes down to *live*, or to carefully consider any definite subject, he will be found on one side of the fence or the other.

The main point of this protest against Western Unitarianism pertains to the name and authority of Jesus Christ: "Are we Unitarians an organized body of Christian believers with the Holy Son of God as our Captain?" This question Brother Douthit seems to think the Western Conference has answered in the negative and so he wishes to be counted out, because he thinks "outspoken allegiance to our Lord Jesus Christ as sent of God to be our Teacher, Guide and Saviour in religion is worth living, suffering and dying for." This, repeated in many ways with varying emphasis, makes up the whole of this curious and untenable manifesto.

But let us look at this. What does it mean to take Jesus as our Captain and be entirely loyal to him? It may mean Orthodoxy, or it may mean Unitarianism, or it may mean nothing at all, according to the way other questions are decided. One of these, and the most important, is the question of inspiration. Decide that as John Calvin did, and loyalty to Jesus must mean to you very nearly what it meant to him. But decide it as Brother Douthit seems to have done in saying of the Bible,—"It is not all true and good alike, and must be interpreted like any other book by the individual judgment under responsibility to God alone," (Douthit's Statement of Belief) and loyalty will contain a large element of Biblical criticism and New Testament exegesis, and we would be Unitarian or Orthodox according to our good or bad fortune in going to Cambridge or Andover. But we have still further light in the statement quoted from above as to how the question of inspiration is to be decided. "We do believe: That Jesus Christ is the best teacher and guide in morals and religion; and the reason, conscience and soul are final authority as to what he taught." Now I believe that Jesus was a thorough-going free religionist, and had no more idea of becoming the Captain of our Salvation than Paul had; that he assumed no authority and asked no man to believe in nor "on" him, but only to believe in God and be loyal to his conceptions of truth. This is what my reason and conscience and soul lead me to conclude was the teaching of Jesus, and this is why I call myself and am

willing to be called, a Christian. Does my loyalty to Jesus satisfy Brother Douthit? I think that what the Western Conference did, "ignoring the name of Christ" and conditioning its fellowship on no dogmatic test, was the highest loyalty to Jesus, as it was loyalty of the spirit and not loyalty to the letter.

Now have I not made it plain that allegiance to Jesus may mean one thing or another according to the way the doctrine of inspiration is received?

But Brother Douthit pleads for "allegiance to Jesus as sent of God to be our Teacher, Guide and Saviour." Here is opportunity for more interpretation. Is an article of belief neatly tucked into the sentence? "As...sent...Saviour," seems a bit of a creed, meaning nothing of course to Unitarians who interpret it according to their own consciences and souls, nothing at least beyond giving the words of Jesus their careful consideration and attention, but, if given an orthodox turn, meaning, making the judgment blind and accepting whatever "is written." There is no consistent position between absolute rationalism or free religion, and entire loyalty to some authority. Brother Douthit seems to desire to be entirely loyal to the authority of Jesus, but this will mean nothing until he erases that article of his about the reason being our final authority as to what he taught, and tells us where he thinks the teachings of Jesus are to be found, and in what they consist. When he does this or attempts it I have no doubt we shall find him on our side of the fence, thoroughly religious and thoroughly rational; loyal to all truth and everything that makes for righteousness, whether we can find authority for it in what happens to remain to us of the sayings of Jesus or not.

DAVID UTTER.

COTTON MATHER.

Cotton Mather, a prominent American divine of the Colonial period, possessed a theological mind as a natural heritage. The Mathers were an old English family which had produced teachers and preachers, generation after generation, for ages. In 1633, his paternal grandfather, Richard Mather, having been expelled from his pastorate in England because of non-conformity to the rules of the established church, emigrated to America and settled, with all his ecclesiastical lore, at Dorchester. Of his six sons, four were clergymen. One of them, Increase Mather (born at Dorchester), was father of Cotton. The main object of New England institutions of learning in those days was to supply the church with pastors. Increase Mather received all the educational advantages the best of these institutions could afford him, supplemented by daily ecclesiastical instruction from his father. His theological garments being considered not yet sufficiently theological in cut and color, he spent two years at the University of Dublin for the express purpose of perfecting them. After his return to America, he devoted his life to teaching, writing and preaching. He spent sixteen hours daily in his study, always committing his sermons to memory. He received the first diploma for degree of D. D. granted in America.

Cotton Mather's maternal grandfather, John Cotton, was also a non-conformist Church of England clergyman, who emigrated to New England and settled at Boston, which is said to have been named after Boston, England, from whence he came. His reputation for learning was so great that he was styled "The Patriarch of New England."

While he equaled Increase Mather in ecclesiastical lore, he far excelled him in classical learning. He was a critic in Greek, wrote Latin with elegance, and discoursed fluently in Hebrew. He spent twelve hours daily in reading, his favorite author being Calvin. He governed his household in accordance with the strictest of Puritanical notions, and his daughter, who afterwards married Increase Mather, grew up a straight-laced, Puritanic, New England maiden. Under this steady pressure was formed the mind and character which was afterwards to belong to Cotton Mather. That which was habit in his ancestors became instinct in him; the form of thinking which had been acquired by the parents and grand-parents became hereditary in the child. He was by birth and without effort what they had become by long years of the closest application and most indefatigable industry.

Cotton Mather came to Boston to claim this inheritance, Feb. 12th, 1663. The mind, like a plant, grows by what it feeds upon. The dogmatic, puritanic, theologic mind of the little Cotton was, from the first, abundantly nourished by two sturdy tap-roots which extended back in paralld lines through generations of Mathers and Cottons. The instant it began putting forth shoots of its own, it was "hilled up" with such innumerable old folios of weather-beaten divinity and showered with such torrents of ancient classics, that it became gorged and distended out of all semblance to the bright, happy, inquisitively-stupid child-mind. The intellectual atmosphere of New England, at that time, was so dense with theology that only a few rays of politics or history had filtered through it, and not even a glimmer of romance or imaginative poetry had penetrated it. No wonder that the boy was early noted for his familiarity with Latin, Greek and Hebrew; that he entered college at the age of twelve and graduated at fifteen, with a handsome compliment in Latin from the president. In strong contrast with his intellectual gluttony was his system of rigid and regular fasting and vigils, begun in his fourteenth year and continued through life. His spiritual existence had no beginning—he was a minister from the cradle. Every incident in life furnished him with a text for meditation and religious improvement; as he mended his fire he thought of rectifying his life; the act of paring his nails warned him to lay aside "all superfluity of naughtiness;" he appropriated the time of dressing to particular speculations, parceling off a different set of questions for every day in the week. As a school-boy, he engaged in frequent and fervent prayer, reproving his associates for profanity or misconduct. When he left Harvard, in his sixteenth year, he was eminently qualified (by natural preferences, education, and manner of living) to follow the profession of his ancestors and fill a New England pulpit. Just one consideration opposed itself to his cherished purpose of becoming a minister, and that was a purely physical one. He stammered. Serious as this obstacle was, it was by no means insurmountable to a man of Cotton Mather's force of will. By steadily persuading what he called "a dilated deliberation" in his enunciation, he overcame this physical defect, was appointed his father's assistant in the pastorate of the North Church, Boston, at the age of seventeen, and was ordained as his colleague four years later. He discharged his pastoral duties with singular zeal, pursuing his studies, elaborately preparing his sermons, publishing numerous works of devotion, secretly praying for special and suitable blessings on each member of his church, ejaculating prayers for those whom he met while walking the streets, and availing himself of

every occasion to inculcate lessons of piety. By this time, Mather's mind had developed into a huge theological tree, on whose hardy and wide-spreading branches were grafted vigorous shoots of history, biography, classical learning, etc. These shoots quickly assimilated themselves with the branches on which they were grafted, and their fruit always tasted strongly of the theology supplied by the sap of the parent tree. Clinging closely to the rough trunk and twining here and there among the branches, was the vine of superstition; though it was entirely overshadowed by the huge structure that gave it support, yet the influence of its presence was such as to make Mather a firm believer in special providences. Then, too, the rootlets of this tree, groping about under ground for moisture, had struck a vein of pure imagination; the nutriment supplied thereby was insufficient to produce such beautiful creations as were furnished later by the mind of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and had the effect of making Mather inordinately credulous. His vanity was enormous; in one of his private thanksgivings, he records his gratitude for a special item of happiness, viz.:—his accomplishments in every department of learning. On another occasion he boasts: "I am able, with a little study, to write in seven languages; I feast myself with the secrets of all the sciences which the more polite part of mankind ordinarily pretend unto. I am entertained with all kinds of histories, ancient and modern. I am no stranger to the curiosities which by all sorts of learning are brought unto the curious." He even had so much confidence in his ability that he undertook to improve upon the Psalms by writing them in blank verse. With such a mind as this, how could Mather help being a credulous, zealous, unscrupulous advocate of the delusion known as the Salem Witchcraft? Vanity was his ruling passion; and vanity associated with priestly power and superstition forms a most formidable trio. Self-blinded, he was deluded by the most transparent absurdities. He gives an account in the "Magnalia," of the freaks of a young girl, one of the bewitched family of the Goodwins, whom he took into his house, and who played him a variety of silly pranks. They were only the girl's mischievous caprices with so capital an object as himself to work upon, but the learned doctor in divinity magnified them in the pulpit and entertained his congregation with a sermon upon the subject. Suffice it to say that he was instrumental in fomenting the murderous proceedings at Salem. When the reaction came and the popular mind turned against the delusion, he vainly attempted to arrest it; and though he afterwards admitted "there had been a going too far in that affair," he never expressed regret for the innocent blood that had been shed; and, instead of taking the responsibility upon himself and coadjutors, he charged it upon the powers of darkness whose skill and malignity had circumvented them and made them proceed against persons who were not guilty. Finally, he sought to shun the odium of popular feeling by declaring the subject too dark and deep for ordinary comprehension and referring it for decision to the day of judgment. When, in 1721, the New Englanders were opposed to the introduction of inoculation for small-pox, he set himself against popular superstition just as strongly as in the former case he had favored it. He was always exercising his ingenuity to contribute something useful to the world; he was one of the first to employ the press extensively in the dissemination of tracts; he early lifted his voice in favor of temperance; he preached and wrote for sailors; he instructed negroes, substituted moral suasion in place of flogging with his children, and

wrote the history of his country; all these were merely secondary to his paramount employment—that of discharging the sacred duties of his profession. His personal defects are certainly slight in comparison with such noble achievements as these. The ambition of his later years was to become President of Harvard, as his father had been before him. One after another was chosen in preference to him, and Cotton Mather was, in old age, a disheartened and disappointed man. He had been three times married and the wife of his age was subject to fits of temper bordering on insanity; he felt compelled to disown one of his sons; the gloom of his own disappointment settled more deeply about him, so that he gladly met death, which came to him the day after he had completed his sixty-fifth year. His last emphatic charge to his son Samuel was "Remember only that one word, 'Fructuosus.'" It was a word that he had never forgotten, for the catalogue of his printed works numbers 382. Many of these publications were single sermons, controversial letters, and theological tracts; others were of great magnitude and all were much condensed. His favorite motto was "Be Short," which he wrote in capitals over his study door, as a warning to all tedious and impertinent visitors. Among his principal works are "Memorable Providences Relating to Witchcraft" and "The Wonders of the Invisible World," the former published just before, the latter just after the execution at Salem, 1692. His "Essays to Do Good," appearing in 1710, are admitted by Dr. Franklin as having exerted an influence in moulding his character. His great work, to which many of his writings are properly appendices, is the "Magnalia Christi Americana;" this purports to be an ecclesiastical history of New England from 1620 to 1698; but it includes also the civil history of the times, an account of Harvard College, of the Indian wars, of the Witchcraft troubles, together with the lives of more than eight hundred individuals. This was published in London, in 1702. In 1713, Mather was made a member of the Royal Society of London, being the first American to receive that distinction. An immense unpublished manuscript of his, entitled "Illustrations of the Sacred Scriptures," is stored in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, where it is shown in six folio volumes, of rough edged, whity-brown foolscap, written in the author's round, exact hand, in double columns; its magnitude and forgotten theology bid defiance to the enterprise of editors and publishers.

D. H.

THE TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

The opinion of the liberal church that the early Christian movement was a moral reform with a single new rallying word in the name of Jesus, is confirmed by these newly-discovered teachings, which claim to have come from the Apostolic age. Whether they belong to the second or the third century, they ante-date the Nicene creed in all essentials of thought. This appears by the most general examination.

The first chapter opens with a key-note to all the Teaching: "There are two ways, one of life and one of death, with a wide difference between the two ways."

The first chapter is positive moral teaching; the second chapter is negative moral teaching, and suggests social evils and vices of that age. Among many other commands observe this: "Thou shalt not murder a child by abortion,

nor when born shalt thou put it to death." Again: Thou shalt not be false, nor empty, but *filled full with deeds*. Chapter third seems to be addressed to youth, and in chapter fourth read this: "Be not found extending thy hands to receive, and contracting them to give." Charity is the subject of this chapter, except that part relating to slaves, who are taught to be subject to their "lords as to a type of God, in modesty and reverence." The rights of man had not occurred to the early Christians, or, if they had, they did not assert them. The way of life is stated in the first four chapters, and the way of death in the fifth chapter.

To the works of the flesh which St. Paul often catalogued, are added several others, and among them the following: "Murderers of children," "destroyers of the image of God,"—which shows us that there was a growing sense of the sacredness of human life. Observe also that the way of death is turning away from him that is in need, oppressing the afflicted, and that "advocates of rich men, lawless judges of poor men," are *complete in sin*.

The Christian church was, at the time when this document was written, a compact among poor persons for their spiritual guidance and mutual aid and protection. The sixth chapter says, "See that no one lead thee astray from this way of the Teaching. And concerning food, what thou art able bear, but from that which is sacrificed to idols utterly abstain, for it is a *worship of dead Gods*."

The prayer at the Communion Service, as given in the ninth chapter, indicates a time prior to the development of the creeds which have prevailed in the Christian church, as shown by the terms applied to Jesus. First in taking the cup,—*"We give thanks to Thee, our Father, for the holy vine of David, thy servant, which thou hast made known to us through Jesus thy servant; to Thee be glory forever."* And when taking the bread,—*"We give thanks to Thee, our Father, for the life and knowledge which thou hast made known to us through Jesus thy servant."* This use of the word "*servant*" to indicate the office of Jesus, is found in the fourth chapter of the "*Acts of the Apostles*." We have here the original meaning of the phrase "*through Christ*."

The eleventh chapter is more than a hint that there were many religious tramps in the early days of the Christian church. Every Apostle coming among them was to be received, and he could remain one and even two days, but if he remain *three* days he was to be treated as a false prophet. This seems to be the meaning. A teacher going forth could only take bread till he should find a lodging, and if he asked money he was a false prophet. "And every prophet teaching the truth, if what things he teacheth he doeth not, is a false prophet." The absurd notion that a teacher of religion must be a pauper is of ancient origin, and led to the order of monks in the Christian church.

Those early Christians were forbidden to feed idle persons. The teaching was—"If one is minded to abide among you, being a craftsman, let him work and eat," but no "idle Christian shall live among you." Every true prophet or teacher was "worthy of his food," and should receive of the first-fruits of all the products of the earth.

Certainly the contents of this document carry us back to the thoughts in the Acts of the Apostles, and assuming that it belongs to the second Christian century, we have here important additional documentary evidence that the Apostolic church was Unitarian in its theology. The closing thought is Apostolic: "Watch for your life—ye know not the hour in which our Lord cometh."

S. S. HUNTING.

CHRONICLES, CHAP. XL.

(RECENTLY DISCOVERED.)

There arose a great and holy man, and he taught, saying: "For this cause came I into the world, to bear witness to the truth:" and again, "Why even of your own selves judge ye not what is right?" and in another place, "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother and my sister and mother."

And after many years in a far country, a great company of people gathered themselves together, saying:

"Behold, we will strive to do good; come all ye who will work with us in advancing the Kingdom of God."

And there arose one Jasper in that land, and he said, "Let me go out from among you, I will have naught to do with you."

They answered him: "Wherefore wilt thou not work with us?"

And he said, "Because ye profess not the Christ whom I serve."

Then answered they him and said: "Christ sayeth, 'For this cause came I into the world, to bear witness to the truth?' Seek not even we the same? He teacheth us, 'Why even of your own selves judge ye not what is right?' Wilt thou, therefore, judge for us, seeing he hath commanded us to judge for ourselves? Behold, he saith, 'Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother and my sister and mother.' Come thou therefore, and work with us, his brethren and thy brethren."

But he spoke the more loudly, and wrote many epistles, and said: "I will have no part with you."

Then arose a spirit of prophecy among the people, and they said: O, brother, do thy work in peace, for there are many kinds of service, but one Lord, and different ways of working, but one God who worketh in all.

J. V. BLAKE.

A MODERN PARABLE OF TALENTS.

I often read Jesus' parable of the talents, and while I appreciate its lesson, I think there is need of a parable on the other side. There was a certain rich man who called to him his servants and divided a large sum of money among them. To some he gave five talents each and to others two talents and to some half a talent. Having done this he took a journey into a far country. And those that had half a talent did each very well with it, so that in time they had each his whole talent. These doubled their capital. Those who had two talents did each, for a long time, wait to see what the others would do, so that much time was thus wasted. But finally they aroused themselves and going to work gained each one talent more, so that they all had three talents apiece. Thus these added half to their original capital. But those who had five talents grew jealous and watchful of each other, and each waited to see what their fellows would do. And as none of them in any adequate way did his duty they all alike failed to add much to their five talents. The time for their lord's return was at hand before they knew it. And when he returned he called all his servants to him. The first to come were those of the half talent and each did say: There, lord, is my talent. I am sorry I could not do better, but I worked hard for this. Well done, said the lord; ye are worthy to take

two talents each. And now how well have those of the two talents done? They must have done nobly, seeing these of the half talent have done so well. With this each of these with the two talents laid his three talents at their lord's feet. And the lord said: It is well done, but not so nobly done as those of the half talent. Take each your three talents and do better. And now ye whom I have blessed above your fellows, have I doubt not done most nobly. Come with rejoicing, ye are my joy. Then those of the five talents came and laid before their lord each his five talents, some with very little gain and some with no gain. In sorrow the lord asked: What means this? But none dare speak; for all heard the voice of conscience speaking to them about their negligence. Then said the lord: Let one speak for all. At this one spoke up and said: The reason I failed to do my duty was that I waited to see what the others would do with their five talents. To this all gave assent. And now said the lord: Ye have abused my trust, still keep your talents and learn this, that each is expected to do his duty no matter what the others do.

ALBERT WALKLEY.

ODE TO KINDNESS.

When kindly words are kindly spoken,
They act like oil upon the sea;
They calm the passion's wild commotion,
And join mankind in harmony.

When kindly deeds are done for others,
To ease distress, or want, or pain,
Each heart is filled with warm emotions,
And tears of joy flow free as rain.

When man to man shall be a brother,
In all the intercourse of life,
The world will be a perfect Eden,
And free from war and endless strife.

Then let the kindly words be spoken,
And let the kindly deeds be done;
Let man to man be here a brother,
And heaven on earth will be begun.

—A. F. Coffeen in *Evanston Index*.

DR. DAVIDSON ON THE BIBLE.*

You ask me to state my views about the Scriptures and the leading doctrines which they inculcate, but it is not easy to do this within the compass of a letter. The works I have written sufficiently indicate the belief I now entertain regarding the Bible and its contents. You will find in "The Canon of the Bible: Its Formation, History, and Fluctuations," 1878; in the "Introduction to the New Testament," translated from the critical text of Von Tischendorf, 1876; in the "Introduction to the Old Testament, Critical, Historical, and Theological," three volumes, 1862-1863; in the "Introduction to the Study of the New Testament, Critical, Exegetical, and Theological," 1882, two volumes; and in "The Doctrine of Last Things Con-

tained in the New Testament Compared with the Notions of the Jews and the Statements of Church Creeds," 1882—not to mention other volumes—abundant evidence of the opinions at which I have arrived, not without laborious research and the breaking away from hereditary beliefs. Orthodox ideas instilled into the youthful mind cling even to manhood, with all the tenacity of superstition. As to the plenary—a term all but identical with verbal—inspiration, which so many apply to the sacred writings, it cannot be maintained. Inspiration properly belongs to persons, not books. The authors of the different works contained in the collection called the Bible—of most of whom we know little or nothing, sometimes not even the name—were men of various intelligence and endowments. Possessing unequal gifts, their productions are of unequal value. As infallibility belongs to God alone, none of them was infallible in what he said or wrote. Each wrote according to his light and the purpose he had in view. Contradictions, inconsistencies, errors both intellectual and moral, are observable in their writings. Some were far ahead of their time, as the old Hebrew prophets; others were but little or not at all in advance. The sacred books proceeded from spiritual men living in different ages and amid different surroundings. Perhaps it is scarcely correct to call them all spiritual men; for he to whom we owe the book of Esther, which is little else than a romance, never mentions God, while the author of Ecclesiastes, an old bachelor with a sceptical turn of mind and a tinge of Epicureanism besides, had very little spirituality. The conclusion of his treatise, which was appended to it by others, saved the whole from being excluded from the canon. But I must refer to my work on the canon for these and other details. There is no warrant in the Bible itself for calling it "the word of God." The word of God is in the Bible, but the Bible is not the word of God. And, as the word of God comes through human instruments, it cannot be perfectly pure. Its purity is conditioned and modified by the earthen vessels it is lodged in. The diversities of doctrine contained in the New Testament are pointed out pretty fully in my "Introduction to the New Testament." The religion of Christ should always be separated from the Christian religion, as the teaching of Christ differs from that of St. Paul. What is wanted at the present day is to bring men back to the ethical and parabolic teaching of Him who was pre-eminently the son of God; i. e., to the sermon on the Mount and the parables. It is very difficult to get at what Christ really said, but I think his most authentic teaching is embodied in the sermon on the Mount and the parables. The difficulty arises from the fact that the reporters were dependent on written and on oral tradition, both of which had been intrusted with legendary and mythical matter. As the gospels passed through processes of redaction, with the exception of the fourth, and did not appear in their present state till the second century, there was plenty of time to surround parts of the biography with a mythical haze. The view which the first believers in Christ took of his person was what is called the Ebionite—Unitarian—one. This, however, was soon lifted up to a higher stage, not only by the Apocalypse—A. D. 68 or beginning of 69—but by St. Paul's epistles and the fourth gospel. The apostle of the Gentiles held the Arian view of Christ, so far as he speaks of him as the man from heaven or the heavenly man, implying his pre-existence. But he never notices the miraculous conception. The fourth gospel by introducing ideas taken from Alexandrian Platonism

[*Some time ago we commented upon a letter from this eminent Biblical scholar of England to John Burnham, Esq., of Batavia, Ills., which was published in full in the *Christian Register*. We now, as promised, give it in full.—Ed.]

carried the view of Christ's person even higher than Paul—higher even than the post-Pauline Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians—see my "Introduction to the New Testament." The doctrine of the Trinity is a post-apostolic development. I have explained at some length my views of man's future in the little book whose title I have already given, I believe that man is created immortal, that the punishment of the wicked hereafter will be remedial, and that all will be finally happy. The fatherhood of God involves the idea of perfect felicity to His children. If a Being of infinite goodness and love controls the boundless universe, we cannot but cherish the hope that such goodness and love will overcome evil. All rational creatures will be happy forever in the enjoyment of their Father's love. If I were asked what is the teaching of the New Testament about everlasting punishment? I would say that it is plainly there. And, what is more, it is most strongly affirmed in words spoken by Christ himself, or said to have been spoken by him. I have seen great efforts in exegesis to eliminate this doctrine from the New Testament, but they are forced. It was the prevailing Jewish belief at the time of Christ. But I cannot imagine that he entertained it. One who purified and exalted the Messianic idea, who taught the fatherhood of God, who was without sin, who exemplified the divine in humanity as it never had been and probably never will be, who was the image of the unseen One, and inaugurated a religion which has all the essentials of universality, cannot have inculcated the fearful doctrine of endless torture in the next world. I had intended to speak of what is called original sin and the atonement, but must conclude. The former was rightly termed by Adam Clarke "original nonsense;" the latter must be resolved into self-sacrifice. The moral and spiritual influence of Christ's self-sacrificing love upon sinful man is the reconciliation to God which is affected by the Gospel. Did time allow, I should have spoken about the question, "Is the Bible an orthodox book?" Some portions of it are, some are not. The true answer depends on the definition and limits of orthodoxy. Orthodoxy as a system does not always remain the same. I commend to your attention what I have said on "miracles" in the "Introduction to the New Testament," vol. ii., p. 294. That of Jesus' resurrection is discussed in the same place.

SAMUEL DAVIDSON.

London, January 9th, 1884.

"The Supreme Being noticed two beautiful ladies who did not seem to know each other. The host took one lady by the hand and led her up to the other. 'Benevolence,' said he, pointing to the first. 'Gratitude,' added he, introducing the second to her. Both virtues were much surprised to make each other's acquaintance. For the first time since the creation of the world, and that was a long time ago, they now met, face to face."—*Poems in Prose*, Ivan Tourgueneff.

"Oft the doing of God's will
Our foolish wills undoeth!
And yet what idle dream breaks ill
Which morning light subdueth?
And who would murmur and misdoubt,
When God's great sunrise finds him out?"
—Mrs. Browning.

Correspondence.

DR. HANSON'S LATEST WORD.

To the Editor of UNITY:

I do not wish to make the bright pages of your paper a field of conflict, but I would like room enough to recognize the defeat which Rev. Dr. Hanson has so signally inflicted upon himself in his treatment of those who have criticised his translation of the New Testament. Such self-sacrifice is worthy of recognition.

In his late and final issue of the *Universalist* he charges me with sympathizing with the "Assault" which UNITY made upon his attempt to give us an improved New Testament, and seems to think that I must be deriving my living from the Universalist church while holding opinions hostile to that church and destructive to the Christian religion. I wish to assure him that I am not in any *assaulting* mood, and that the author of the UNITY criticism of his work is a man of the most amiable Christian spirit, who is more interested in sound scholarship than in selling to the uninitiated a trashy book under the magic influence of a denominational name.

Nobody wishes to assault any creditable work. This has not been the mood of UNITY or the *Christian Register*, both of which papers have criticised Dr. Hanson's book. He has sought to break the force of these criticisms in the minds of Universalist readers by causing it to appear that the criticisms have not been made upon the basis of sound scholarship, but because of a virtual hostility to Christianity, which he charges upon these papers. He has not once in his paper referred to the far more sweeping and damaging criticism of Prof. Forbes, of St. Lawrence University, who is a Universalist minister, and generally supposed to have no hostility to Christianity.

The treatment which UNITY and the *Register* have received at the pen of Dr. Hanson in this matter has been simply shameful, and I am glad to know that a large number of Universalist clergymen and laymen with whom I have conversed feel indignant and humiliated that such an attitude can be assumed by a Universalist editor. His translation of the New Testament has evidently not resulted in his translation into the Kingdom of Christ.

Such a mood as Dr. Hanson indulges can but tend to alienate the Universalist and Unitarian churches, which by all the affinities of their thought would be naturally drawn together. And in behalf of a large and growing number of Universalists I protest against the wrong which in this case has been inflicted upon Universalists, and the outrage which drags our church in the gutter through which disappointed weakness is willing to pour its spleen.

In behalf of fair dealing and honorable self-respect,
I am still

A UNIVERSALIST.

EVOLUTION.—LETTER FROM G. B. STEBBINS.

Editor UNITY:—

DEAR SIR:—You ask UNITY readers to tell when and how they became advocates of the evolution theory, and I have read in your columns some interesting responses to your request. More than forty years ago that remarkable

book, *The Vestiges of Creation*, turned my thoughts in that direction, then the intuitive generalizations of Emerson gave me more light, and in 1848 I read with deep interest the more elaborate and complete statements of Andrew Jackson Davis, in *Nature's Divine Revelations*. Thus, by about 1850, I was ready to advocate the new views publicly. Years afterward I read the valuable writings of Alfred R. Wallace and Charles Darwin, and found that the careful experiments of these eminent scientists largely verified and agreed with my previous studies. This agreement of the results of outward experience and scientific investigation with the intuitive and deductive statements of seers and clairvoyants gave me new evidence of the discovering powers of the soul and of the far-reaching faculties of the inner life of man.

The *Arcana of Nature*, and other remarkable books by Hudson Tuttle,—not then versed at all in science by any study of books or by any experiments,—showed the same substantial agreement, and showed, too, a wide knowledge and clear mastery of scientific principles and researches.

All Spiritualists are evolutionists. Most of the representative and more thoughtful Spiritualists hold the theory true in a sense far wider and higher than inductive science. To them evolution must go back to some intelligent evolving power. As S. J. Finney said, "The ascent of matter implies the descent of spirit." It must reach up to man, and go with him through infinite ages of a progressive immortality. *Through all things in the world of matter and of mind governed by law and guided by a positive and infinite mind, an upward tendency irresistibly streams*; would be an inclusive general statement of their views.

The great primal fiery vortex held in itself the powers to evolve sun and planets, mineral, vegetable and man; each lower type holds in itself a higher; Motion, Life, Sensation and Intelligence are the steps up the spiral pathway; Association, Progression and Development are tendencies inherent in all matter; mind is in all and through all and rules all forever; man the microcosm is indestructible in his spiritual personality,—thus one may epitomize the leading ideas of Davis and others.

William Denton said: "Leaving out of view, as Darwin and his school do, the spiritual side of the universe, I regard his theory as radically defective. I could as soon believe that a boulder rolling down a mountain stream could be fashioned into a perfect bust of Daniel Webster as that natural selection would transform a gelatinous dot into intelligent man. An infinite and intelligent spirit, in my opinion, presides over the universe, and natural laws are its instruments."

Darwin, Spencer, and others deserve high praise for their patient industry and its rich results, and for their noble fidelity, but we must "press forward to the things which are before," even if they cannot see the way to go with us. Scientific evolution gives us the growth of finer forms of matter and life, and tells us of force and law—a supreme mind or an immortal life for man it simply ignores. Spiritual evolution gladly and gratefully accepts the work of science, hails its conclusions so far as they go, and then adds to them the sway of mind,—from motes to planets, from dew drops to suns,—and adds also the immortality of man and his endless evolution.

The last is vastly broader; far richer and more complete than the first. I accept the last, and so include the first, as the greater includes the less.

The whole range of experiment and investigation by

which we reach the undulatory theory of light, and the scientific conclusion that light and heat are modes of motion rests on what Tyndall calls "The bold theory according to which all space is filled with an elastic substance (ether) capable of transmitting the motions of light and heat." In a late sermon in Boston M. J. Savage gave a statement of Professor Jevons that this ether is "immensely more solid and elastic than steel," and that "we live and move amidst it." This ether is invisible and imperceptible, its existence is assumed and accepted because, as we are told, the phenomena of light and heat are inexplicable without it—therefore science says *it must be*.

To the spiritual scientist Deity and immortality *must be*; without them the phenomena of nature and the life of man are also inexplicable. The same scientists who accept the ether theory coolly ignore Deity, and immortality, and leave out the positive power of all pervading mind as a factor in their methods. Verily they "neglect the weightier matters of the law," and their methods are but fragmentary and external.

Emerson is wiser and more truly scientific when he says:

"Ever fresh, the broad creation,
A divine improvisation,
From the heart of God proceeds,
A single will, a million deeds."

When science recognizes the inner life and guiding soul of things, as well as the outer shell, it will be far more perfect in method and richer in results than now.

In that same Boston sermon just quoted from Mr. Savage he says of science:

"Its greatest leaders are agnostic—they simply say, 'We do not know.' In personal conversation with Herbert Spencer, he has given to me his opinion that, concerning the matter of a future life, science can neither affirm nor deny. 'Evolution,' he says, 'does not necessarily touch the question. It stands just where it did before.' Such in substance, also, is the opinion of Huxley, of Tyndall, of John Fiske and the other great exponents of modern thought, both in Europe and America. Personally they may believe or doubt, but no wise or cautious man among them will claim any scientific warrant for positive affirmation either way."

With their present external methods of course they have no such warrant,—the more's the pity for their poor methods.

Some time since UNITY said in a brief paragraph that Spencer and Emerson agreed substantially. There was agreement in some respects between these gifted and excellent men, but Emerson planted himself on great spiritual realities which he eloquently affirmed and which the Englishman blindly ignores,—their methods were unlike and opposite, Emerson's deepest and most complete.

But enough, though much more can be said. I only wished to give my reasons for a long advocacy of evolution, and my idea of that divine procedure.

Truly yours,

GILES B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich., April 29, 1884.

THE ATLANTA CHURCH.

Perhaps there was a little curiosity to set foot upon old battle grounds, mingled with the more laudable motives which drew me to Atlanta.

Twenty years ago I was of that party headed by Wm. T. Sherman which had much ado in getting into

the "Gate City," and which left but little of the place standing when we marched farther Southward. Then Atlanta behind us was only a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. It has risen from its ashes with far greater beauty and solidity than it possessed in the days of the Confederacy; and more promising than its architecture and its business enterprise are the evidences of the civilizing ideas which have come there to settle, most notably in the form of the schools and colleges for freedmen and women which occupy the site of several of the fortifications of the war-time, and next in importance, in the two or three churches of a more modern type of theology than characterize the South-side view of religion. It was to help dedicate one such church, the Unitarian "Church of Our Father," that constituted the main reason of my visit. I consider that any old scores which the Georgia people might have held against me for my small share in the Sherman campaign are amply settled by my aiding, even in a very modest way, to establish a Unitarian church in their midst.

They could have nothing which, in proportion to the number of men and women who make up its supporters, would be likely to bestow upon them so goodly a measure of the nineteenth century spirit of intellectual freedom, philanthropy, and interest in all that pertains to human progress; a spirit for which the new South is waiting if not yet fully conscious of its wants.

Two years ago George Leonard Chaney, once the minister of Hollis Street church of Boston, gathered six people together in an Atlanta parlor to form a Unitarian church. The little handful has not yet attained to mighty numbers,—less than twenty have thus far signed the Church Covenant,—but they have gained their vantage point from which they bid fair to go on to self-supporting and aggressive prosperity.

Their minister has won the respect of a community not much disposed to smile upon Unitarian heresy; and they are established in a beautiful little chapel in whose dedication four neighboring Unitarian ministers, viz., Allen, of New Orleans, Browne, of Charleston, Shippen of Washington, and Thayer, of Cincinnati, assisted Brother Chaney on Wednesday evening, April 23d. Mr. Shippen as a representative of the American Unitarian Association, of which he was so long the efficient Secretary, preached the sermon. On Thursday morning we had a meeting for religious conference, and in the evening a series of addresses by the visiting ministers upon Unitarian principles. The weather did not smile upon our work, and when it rains in Atlanta it requires some heroism to traverse the side streets; but the parishioners were out in full force, and the Congregational minister and the Professors of the Atlanta University were in the congregation and expressed their hearty good wishes for the growth of this Unitarian mission.

The American Unitarian Association and other Northern friends of the society have given the larger part of the building funds; but the members have contributed freely, and one of them, Mr. Norman, is the donor of the architectural plans of the house, which is a model of good taste and attractiveness.

The outside is of bright brick and tiles through which show the lines of the oaken frame.

Inside, hard pine sheathing constitutes the walls and ceiling, giving to the Georgia people a surprising illustration of the decorative capabilities of their native wood, whose value they have not yet learned to appreciate. The seats are leather bottomed chairs, holding about a hundred and

fifty people. The entire cost of the church, furnished, was about \$4,200.

In the course of the busy Thursday morning a Southern Unitarian Conference was formed, consisting of the churches of Louisville, Atlanta, Charleston and New Orleans, with Rev. Chas. A. Allen, of New Orleans, as Secretary. And Brother Allen will not let his office be a sinecure, but already has designs for organizing the liberal element of Vicksburg, some of whose people have long been in correspondence with our Cincinnati Auxilliary Mission, and who report a goodly number of young persons hungry for our rational religion.

GEORGE A. THAYER.

Cincinnati, April 28, 1884.

The Study Table.

All books noticed in this department, as well as new and standard books of every description, may be obtained by addressing The Colegrove Book Co., 135 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN BRIGHT.*

It is always dangerous for an author to undertake the biography of one who still lives, for it is almost impossible to avoid either fulsome compliment on the one hand or unfair depreciation on the other, according as one is either friendly or unfriendly to the subject of the biography.

Lives of living men should be at most only short sketches and never written by one who lives under the direct influence of the person, the story of whose life is to be told; and it is only after the great man's career has ended and he has passed over to the majority that a really good biography can reasonably be expected.

The work of Mr. William Robertson on the life and times of John Bright is no exception to the rule, and while it shows great industry in following the career of his hero through even the minute details of his life, it leaves the reader unsatisfied, feeling that he knows little more of the man whose biography is attempted, although he may have learned more facts and incidents of his life, than he knew before. But Mr. Robertson's work is open to other criticisms; it is in fact a poor composition, stilted and pedantic, overloaded with what may be called fine writing, giving one who reads it the feeling that the author is trying to show himself off, to display his own varied and extensive knowledge, rather than the greatness and goodness, the genius and nobility of his subject. The pages are crowded with quotations, filled with items of information wholly foreign to the matter in hand, which weary and disgust the reader, while the author constantly drops into poetry of anything but the best quality in a manner fully worthy of the distinguished Mr. Wegg. What could be in worse style than such a sentence as this:

"Within the living memory not a single member of the Bright family has dwelt at Lynham or the neighborhood. All except those who had previously lived and died there, left their native village as the spirit prompted them, to seek their fortunes elsewhere, or in Milton's phrase in 'fresh fields and pastures new,' to find a 'local habitation and a name,' as Shakespeare hath it, in

* LIFE AND TIMES OF THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT. By William Robertson. New York: Cassell & Co. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 8vo, pp. 588. \$2.50.

spots more noisy than their own if not 'for the great wave that echoes round the world,' as the poet laureate so musically words it?"

Yet the volume before us is full of such composition.

Is there any earthly use in telling the reader, when noticing a visit of Mr. Bright to Coventry, that this city is "noted for its legend of Lady Godiva, who abolished an oppressive tax upon the town 'and built herself an everlasting name,'" or again informing him that Edinburgh is "the birthplace of Sir Walter Scott and Henry Brougham," or that Bristol is "the mistress of the Severn Sea, with its streets of masts and pennants from all nations of the earth"?

One would think Mr. Robertson were making an itinerary or geographical work for youthful minds, as these and like sentences remind us of the days when we learned that Birmingham was famous for its hardware and Sheffield for its cutlery, Kidderminster for its carpets and Burton for its ale.

There is no antithesis in the fact that the inhabitants of Walsall held a meeting on September 11th to do honor to Mr. J. B. Smith, and that the same town was once possessed by "King-making Warwick," or that Bright and Cobden travelled to Bristol in the interest of the Anti-Corn Law League, and that this city was one formerly "much favored by royalty and the birthplace of Robert Southey, 'the marvellous boy,' Chatterton, 'the sleepless soul that perished in his pride,' and Hannah More." Nor is there any possible connection between the visit of the great man to Plymouth and the sailing of the Mayflower from that port over two hundred years before.

It is a pity that the author should have thus marred his work by over-dressing, till it reminds one of the jackdaw in the peacock's feathers, for his theme is a great and inspiring one, and should be treated by the pen of a master, in strong, nervous English, unadorned by meretricious ornament, that the reader might form a true picture of one of the greatest Englishmen of the nineteenth century.

John Bright was born near Rochdale in the latter part of the year 1811, so that he is now over seventy-two years of age. He came of good middle-class stock on both sides, his father, Jacob Bright, being a Quaker mill-owner of Rochdale, who through a long and useful life won the universal respect and love of his fellow-townpeople and brought up his family of eleven sons and daughters in comfort and happiness, though no one of the eleven was destined to greatness save him whose biography is before us, the oldest son who grew to manhood.

The early life of young Bright does not seem to have been eventful. He went to school, but not to college, and even his schooling was limited, for at the age of fifteen he is found employed in his father's factories, fitting himself to carry on the work which Jacob Bright's thrift and good business qualities, his kindness to his employees and his honorable dealings with his customers had placed upon a solid foundation. John Bright was born, however, for other work than that of a mill-owner and manufacturer. In him was the genius of the orator and the divine gift of eloquence could not be stifled by trade. God had endowed him with a heart quick to feel for the downtrodden and oppressed, easily roused in hatred of unfairness and wrong, and had given him the talent of oratory, not that it might be wrapped up and hidden away in the cotton fabrics of his factory, but to be used for the good of his countrymen, to rouse England to a sense of the wrong she was doing to large numbers of her children; and nobly did John Bright

follow the path of honor which his conscience and his reason pointed out to him.

The Anti-Corn Law agitation was just then beginning to exert an influence. The distress of the working classes had been for some years steadily growing more and more severe until great numbers, half-starving, were upon the brink of insurrection and mob violence. They needed spokesmen and champions, and in Bright and Cobden these were found, as always God raises the man when the hour is at hand; and it is not too much to assert that to these two men more than to any others, the triumphant repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846 was due. In season and out of season, reviled, scoffed at and derided, these two great men, philanthropists as well as statesmen, passed from town to town and from city to city throughout the length and breadth of England and Scotland, urging the views they had adopted with ever increasing favor and ever weightier arguments, always gaining converts to their side. The struggle was continued in Parliament, as well as out, the Prime Minister was won, and finally the great wrong collapsed and the Repeal was carried.

Since 1845 Mr. Bright has always been prominent in English history and always he stands for liberty, always his voice has been lifted up in favor of the rights of man and in stern and eloquent denunciation of tyranny and oppression. His spirit has influenced the neighborhood of his home and raised his native town in prosperity, cultivation and self-respect, and thence spread itself throughout all England, making thousands of workmen's homes happy and comfortable.

In one respect Mr. Bright's career has been anomalous among English statesmen. He has always been, true to the Quaker surroundings of his life, a consistent opposer of all warlike measures, a constant advocate of peace at all times. His open condemnation of the Crimean war cost him his seat in Parliament for Manchester, notwithstanding his great services performed. Yet he never has faltered in his peace principles, and there is good reason to believe that he would stand to them though left to stand alone, as he himself in 1854 said in his seat in the House of Commons:

"Let it not be said that I am alone in my condemnation of this war, or of an incompetent and guilty ministry. And even if I were alone, if my voice were the solitary one raised amid the din of arms and the clamors of a venal press, I should have the consolation I have to-night—and which I trust will ever be mine to the last moment of my existence—the priceless consolation that I have never uttered one word that could promote the squandering of my country's treasure, or the spilling of one single drop of my country's blood."

As he thought in 1854 so he thought in 1882, and so thinking withdrew from connection with the administration of Mr. Gladstone, followed by the respect, if not with the approval, of all his colleagues.

Almost alone among the statesmen of England in the dark days of rebellion and treason in this country, John Bright saw clearly on which side was justice and the cause of humanity, and through the long years of our civil war he never swerved in his friendly advocacy of the North and his hopes for the ultimate triumph of the Union. Americans will not soon forget his words in opposition to recognition of the South in any way—

"We know the cause of this revolt, its purposes and its aims. Those who made it have not left us in darkness respecting their intentions, but what they are to accomplish is still hidden from our sight. * * * I know what I hope for, and what I shall rejoice in, but I know nothing of future facts that will

enable me to express a confident opinion. Whether it will give freedom to the race which white men have trampled in the dust, and whether the issue will purify a nation steeped in crimes committed against that race, is known only to the Supreme. In His hands are alike the breath of man and the life of States. I am willing to commit to Him the issue of this dreadful contest; but I implore of Him, and I beseech this House, that my country may lift not hand or voice in aid of the most stupendous act of guilt that history has recorded in the annals of mankind."

It is given to few men standing at the close of a long life of public service to feel no prickings of conscience for sins of commission or omission, for mistakes made and errors committed, but if that great boon is ever granted to man, it seems to us in reviewing the life and times of John Bright that he will be able to appear before the Judge of all the earth, when the time comes for him to pass into the hereafter, without remorse or repentance for any act of his public career, followed to the grave by the love, respect and sorrow, not only of his countrymen, but of all English speaking folk throughout the world.

WM. ELIOT FURNESS.

LIFE IN PALESTINE WHEN JESUS LIVED.*

This modest little book is to be heartily recommended to those who wish to get, in small compass, a clear idea of the New Testament times. The material for such studies, as the author himself says, are ample, but they are for the most part inaccessible to the average Bible student, and are at best in most unmanageable form for practical use. To sift and condense this material, so that one can see at a glance the more important customs, institutions and beliefs amid which Jesus lived and taught, is as useful a service as a scholar could well render to the general reader. This work Mr. Carpenter has done with admirable intelligence and skill; drawing from the best sources, putting his information into the simplest form, and showing with great clearness the bearing of the whole matter upon the Bible story. One might ask, perhaps, for a somewhat fuller list of authorities than those which he puts at the head of his chapters; yet there is a certain advantage in having the references few and select, and no one who wishes to pursue the subject further need be at a loss where to turn. For most readers or teachers Mr. Carpenter's brief paragraphs, striking straight at the root of matters, will give all the information needed upon the many topics of which this little volume treats. In six short chapters the author gives, first, quite a charming account of the country itself, with its physical features and its geographical and political divisions; then are interesting descriptions of the Jewish people, their occupation, education and popular beliefs; next the government, Jewish and Roman; and finally the religion, with its institutions, its parties and its Messianic expectations. In all this, no essential quality of thoroughness or breadth is sacrificed to brevity, while the closing chapter, in the "Messianic Idea," could be read with profit by any one who wished to interpret the Gospel record by the light of the current thoughts and beliefs of the times.

E. H. H.

A little book from across the water, that has come to stay, so small, so full, so accurate, so well planned and worded is

* LIFE IN PALESTINE WHEN JESUS LIVED. By J. Estlin Carpenter, M. A. London: Sunday School Association, 37 Norfolk St., Strand. 1884. pp. 178. Price, one shilling.

it. It tells us all about the Gospel *back-ground*,—the scenery of place, time, manners, customs, thought, amid which Jesus moved. Its name exactly describes it. Within these limits, it is a book of books to help one, with small trouble, to read or teach the Gospel story intelligently. Only 170 short pages, one-half devoted to the Land, the People and the Government, the other half to the Religion (1. its Institutions; 2. its Sects; 3. the Messianic Idea). Let one fill his mind by a few evenings' study with what these clear picturesque pages hold, and then read through either Matthew, Mark or Luke,—and the figures there would stand out from the chapters and the stories would be all astir, side-lights playing from every verse. For those who would go deeper, the forty-five sections are, most of them, equipped with a few page-references to such works as Hausrath's, Edersheim's and Keim's.

Is it a Sunday School manual for direct class-teaching? No, it is an admirable "Primer" of the subject, rather; and too strictly informational about the Gospel *surface*,—not its heart,—for the costly Sunday School half-hour. Yet with ampler Bible references, and a few more hints pointing inwards, such as it is occasionally provided with, it would serve such purpose well. Its contents are easily tracked home to the various sections; still, why should it lack the detailed index which would give it still a third use,—that of a handy little Gospel Dictionary? And if a thing so good is to be re-touched in a new edition, (it is only good books for which that heaven-fate is reserved,—others have to be re-made) why not, in chapter II., insert a section or two describing more fully the household life and common village scenes; and prefix to chapter IV. a four or five page sketch of the history of the religion?

It is a hopeful sign for Sunday Schools when men like Prof. Carpenter are willing to give their time to the preparation of such books,—always provided that, like him, they look *up*, not down, upon the task accepted, and bring a teacher's tact as well as a professor's scholarship to it. A recognized master doing third-rate work on elementary subjects may actually bar progress, because one hesitates to take down or over-leap a master's work.

This book opens a series of small Bible hand books for the school and home,—some commentaries on the texts among them. It is good news to hear that Prof. Carpenter is going to "try his hand at a Gospel." Could not the Eastern Sunday School Society arrange with our English friends to issue more cheaply in this country such of the series as are fitted to our wants? Notably, this "Life in Palestine when Jesus lived" has real selling-power in it. The ignoring of English Unitarian Sunday School work by us, and of our work by the English Sunday Schools, has been a long surprise. Our needs are mostly needs in common, and the best work in each country would be likely to serve the other. But we are beginning to get acquainted: Prof. Toy's Old Testament Primer and the two little manuals on Ethics published by the Boston Society are advertised on the English list appended to this book.

W. C. G.

The novelist who, with George W. Cable, shares the popularity of the day is F. Marion Crawford, author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," and "To Leeward." He is the son of Thomas Crawford of New York, the sculptor of the Washington Monument, who lived in Rome and died young. With Italian and French as his native languages,

Marion Crawford was sent to New Hampshire where he studied English for three years. At the age of fifteen he went back to Rome, where his mother lives with her second husband, and there studied Greek and Mathematics. He next went to England, studying first with a private tutor and then spending four terms at Trinity College, Cambridge. He soon found languages to be his strong point, and rapidly acquired German, Swedish and Spanish. Mr. Crawford next traveled to the East, studied Zend with a Parsee high priest, and read the Zend-Avesta. While in India he began writing for the press, but his health compelled him to return to Rome. Family reasons then called him to America, where he remained on a visit to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in Boston. He entered Harvard University and took a diploma in Sanscrit. Up to this time he had never touched fiction, either as creator or reviewer, believing himself devoid of imagination. In 1882, at the suggestion of his uncle, Mr. "Sam" Ward, he tried his hand at a novel and the result was the now famous "Mr. Isaacs," which he wrote in thirty-five days. "Dr. Claudius" quickly followed, displaying more careful composition. "The Roman Singer," published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, was written in six weeks. Mr. Crawford spent last summer at Sorrento where he wrote "To Leeward," his latest novel. Although born at the Baths of Lucca, the recipient of a cosmopolitan education, Mr. Crawford prides himself on being an American, and prefers Newport and Boston to all other places he has visited. He is twenty-nine years old.

The English reader has probably never had such an opportunity to decide for himself concerning the genius of Lorenzo the Magnificent, as is now afforded him by Edwin Arnold's translation of "La Nencia da Barberini," which appears in the *Current* for May 3. This poem is mentioned by Padre Marchesi and seems to be one of the best of those ballads, which were declared by Lorenzo's courtiers to be finer than anything Italian genius had yet produced. Cardinal Bembo gravely advised the prince to avoid reading St. Paul's Epistles, lest their wretched style should injure the classic perfection of his own, and Pico della Mirandola, the amiable young courtier, who procured Savonarola's recall to Florence, rated Dante's "Divina Commedia" as inferior to Lorenzo's songs. Such extravagance of opinion has naturally had little weight with those who are unwilling to accept the dictum of courtly flatterers, and perhaps modern critics have failed to appreciate the genius of a prince, whose physical strength was such that he could devote himself to pleasure all night and work all day; "whose mind was so versatile, that he could sack a town one morning and discourse upon Plato the next, and weave joyous ballads through both occupations." How came it, that the "Illustrious Medicean," as Arnold calls him, could thus interpret the heart of a common peasant lad and show an appreciation of rural occupations and surroundings that reminds one strongly of the peasant poet, Frédéric Mistral? The simplicity and *naïveté* of this pastoral love seem to be well preserved in the translation, and the *Current* is quite right in considering it a high proof of Mr. Arnold's poetic skill.

"In the Tennessee Mountains"* is a series of eight short stories, in one volume, giving pictures of life in the moun-

*IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 1884. pp. 322. \$1.25.

tains. The characters with few exceptions are the rude mountaineers of the Tennessees, speaking the dialect of the region, some of them exhibiting fine heroic traits. The style is monotonous and before the last page is reached one tires of "dusky vistas," "ghastly white undulations," "gloomy primeval magnificence," "brambly tangles," and "subtile amethystine mists." The author voices the tone of the book in the closing lines, "The grace of culture is, in its way, a fine thing, but the best that art can do—the polish of a gentleman—is hardly equal to the best that Nature can do in her higher moods."

F. B. C.

The *Current*, three months ago, offered \$1,000 in prizes for short stories of high grades. Among the successful forty-three we find the names of three of our UNITY contributors, viz, J. Vila Blake, "A Faroese Story"—Mary W. Plummer, "A Wooden Man and the Two Little Whitacres"—and Frances L. Roberts' "A Quaker Romance."

"George B. Emerson, His Life and Times" is the title of a handsomely printed brochure by Rev. R. C. Waterton, being a paper presented at a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society last year, enriched by a supplement and a fine engraved portrait of the famous teacher.

Robert Browning has two mottoes for his new book entitled *Seriosas*. One is, "His genius was jocular, but when he pleased, he could be very serious." There are twelve "Fancies" in all. A lyric is printed at the beginning of the volume and another at the end.

John B. Alden still perseveres in his work of making good books cheap. A recent issue of his *Irving Library* presents Rawlinson's monograph on the Character and Writings of Cyrus the Great, for the sum of three cents.

The latest sensation in the literary circle of London, the little pamphlet entitled "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," has been reprinted by Cupples, Upham & Co.

A life of Sydney Smith, based on family documents and the recollections of personal friends, will soon be published in London by Mr Stuart J. Reid.

Edward Everett Hale's new novel "The Fortunes of Rachel" will be published May 19 in Funk & Wagnall's Standard Library.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to publish a translation of the "Odyssey" by Prof. George H. Palmer, of Harvard College.

The following books have been received at this office and will be noticed in future numbers of UNITY:

TIP LEWIS. By Pansy. Being No. 1 of the *Young Folks' Library*, issued monthly. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1884. 16mo, paper, pp. 360. 25 cents.

AN HOUR WITH MISS STREATOR. By Pansy. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1884. pph. 6 cents.

THE SURGEON'S STORIES.—TIMES OF LINNAEUS. By Z. Topelins, Chicago: Jansen McClurg & Co. 1884. 12mo, pp. 394. \$1.25.

Little Unity.

PANSY.

'Twas June, and such a perfect day! It seemed as if the flowers in the little garden could not be bright and happy enough to show the great sun how thankful they were for the golden beams he sent glimmering down among them; but they turned their sweet faces up to meet and welcome the quivering rays, clasping them close in the depths of their golden hearts, while they shook their gay petals in response to the south-wind's greeting or tossed their pretty heads to the birds who sang from the tree-tops.

In the sunniest corner of the garden, with a well-worn path on either side which showed how many were the feet that wandered to this favored spot, was the pansy bed with its wealth of blossoms, so bright and fragrant. No wonder all who visited the garden sought them out!

And yet in the very heart of this mass of velvety loveliness, in the face of the sun's warmth and cheer, in spite of the soft wind's kisses or the warbled songs all about her, and in constant disregard of a loving ground-bird which had her tiny nest full of wee birdlings at her very feet, one bright-eyed pansy was dissatisfied, and would not smile or nod or yield herself to the glad influence, but tried to find what she could think sufficient cause for happiness before she would be happy. Poor, foolish little Pansy!

And only a few weeks ago, she, like all the purple blossoms in the pansy bed, had been as happy as the day was long; content to stand surrounded by her fellows, looking her pretty self and shedding forth her choicest perfumes till the great sun sank to rest; then folding a bright dew-drop close within her purple heart she had closed her eyes and slept in sweet unconsciousness the long night through. As the first sun-beams kissed her eyelids she had waked, and shaking off the sparkling-dew had sent up her delicate fragrance, an incense offering of gratitude and love to the great Power that made and kept her pure and beautiful. And day by day the world about the pansies grew a little better, truer, happier; and all because the modest blossoms performed each day their little part in God's great plan; though all they had to do was just to stand each in her place with cheerful face, giving out the warmth and brightness of the happy earth.

But now one little Pansy was not satisfied with only that; she wanted to do something greater than just that same little, every day, over and over, all her life. Surely in a great world like this there was many a grand thing to do and why could she not be one to do some of them? Life must mean something more than standing there as they all did and would do till they died unless they set about them to find something higher.

And so the foolish Pansy compared her little self with every tree and flower, with every bee and bird and butterfly, with every dew-drop sinking gently on her throbbing heart or silvery moonbeam glimmering across her velvet petals; compared her life with that of the great sun who traveled on and on and warmed the whole round earth; and with the winds that blew from far off lands to other distant shores; and even with the human beings who lived in the great world outside the garden and sometimes came and paused beside her bed, talking of wondrous things,—heroes and grand victories. The Pansy, listening and drinking in

what was not meant for her, grew less and less contented with herself and her position, until her golden eye grew dark and wistful and her little face looked always serious. And when the laughing breezes kissed her cheek she turned her head away and would not smile nor feel one happy thrill, for if she was to have a noble aim and live a strong, grand life she must not waste her thoughts on little things. How foolish to be happy for a kiss!

The little ground-bird nestling at her feet saw that the Pansy suffered. All her sweetest songs were sung in vain, and when she found she could not drive away the look of pain from the sweet face she loved so well, she taught her little ones to sing the Pansy's praises with their earliest notes. With one glad answering smile the blossom sighed and turned away her head. No, she would never more be satisfied with these poor simple joys;—and then they did not know. She was not good and beautiful and patient as they thought. And as the shadows deepened on her face the saddened breezes hurried off, the disappointed ground-bird flew away to find food for her nestlings and trill her praises to the listening heavens.

And so it was she treated all that once had been the pleasures of her life, reasoning them away, schooling herself to care for none of them, nor once feel happy till she found some noble work to do; for if she could not work on life's great battle field and earn her happiness she would not weakly take it from the joyous air, the singing birds, the pattering raindrops or the sparkling sunbeams.

But waiting is sad work, and so our Pansy found it. As the days slipped by, her brightness faded and her freshness wore away with constant worry and anxious watching; and not opening her heart to catch the dewdrop's healing coolness she missed the sweet refreshing of the night and woke each morning wearied of her life, without her wonted store of perfume for a morning incense offering, until from very pain and weariness of hopes that were not realized and longings ever unfulfilled, she could not waken thankfulness even for life itself, for life to her was naught but a long, feverish dream of future good and greatness yet to come.

So the days passed one by one, bringing at last this perfect day in June; and tired as she was with waiting, this glad day brought fresh hope to the almost dying Pansy. And sure enough, before the day had gone she thought the moment she had waited for had really come.

'Twas afternoon and the sun had all but sunk behind the distant hills and his last glimmering rays lighted the cottage windows till they glowed like little suns. Never was seen a lovelier sight than our pansy bed. As the sunbeams kissed it good-night, each small blossom flushed its brightest and smiled its happiest smile back to the sun, filling the air with clouds of fragrance. Two small girls with hurried steps and trembling hands that often sought their eyes to brush away the tears, that they might see to find the fairest pansies in the bed, came and bent over them and gathered tenderly a fragrant bunch, chatting the while of their dear mother who was lying sick and who would never see the sun again, the doctor told them but an hour ago; and she had longed so for her pansy-bed, for she had loved them best of all her flowers; and now the children had slipped away to bring their hands full to her dying bed, to make her face bright and glad, ready to welcome the white angels when they came to take her home.

O, how our little Pansy's heart throbbed as she waited for their hands to pluck her with the rest. Surely now

was there a noble work to do. If she might be permitted to help to make a dying mortal's last hour bright, it would more than be reward enough for all the weary waiting. Would her turn never come? Their hands were almost full. The little fingers touched her trembling leaves, but passed her by and took another just beyond her with a brighter face; then they wiped away their tears and smiled to think how glad her eyes would look when she saw what they had, and slipped away, leaving the little Pansy almost dead with grief.

When night came she had not strength to close her eyes or fold her faded petals round her aching heart, and when the sun shone full upon her in the morning she could not bear his brightness, but sank down among the leaves close to the ground-bird's side and died.

Because she did not know that many little things well done will make a great life work; because she could not see the duties all around her from always looking over and beyond them to something vague and distant, never meant for her; because she failed to do good in little things waiting for something grand and great, her powers had been wasted, her usefulness worn out with weariness and restless expectations.

And so not keeping herself in readiness for what came near at hand, she missed the one great opportunity she had so longed and waited for, and died, before her time, unsatisfied. Poor little Pansy!

G. S.

SOMETHING TO DO.

Think of something kind to do:
Never mind if it is small.
Little things are lost to view,
But God sees and blesses all.

Violets are modest flowers,
Hiding in their beds of green;
But their perfume fills the bowers,
Though they scarcely can be seen.

So do little acts, we find,
Which at first we cannot see,
Leave the fragrance pure behind
Of abiding charity.

—Wellspring.

LITTLE UNITY CLUB PAPERS.

SEVERAL KINDS OF DOGS.

We have selected with difficulty the following talks about dogs to give you this time. It is not safe to promise you contributions every time from these enterprising young people. Not because information about the dog family would fail, any more than do the contributions from the club, but because of our own limited columns.

THE ESQUIMAUX AND TERRIER.

I once knew an Esquimaux dog who was very intelligent. He had a little Black-and-Tan playmate that used to run away quite often. Once he ran away and staid three days. While he was away the Esquimaux dog would run away too. His master thought he had learned bad tricks from his friend the Black-and-Tan dog, so he kept whipping him for it. But he kept running away just the same, and at the end of three days he came trotting home,

bringing his little Black-and-Tan friend with him. Poor Black-and-Tan had been badly abused by some bad boys, and his little friend had been running away to take care of him. The Black-and-Tan is not of much use, only to catch rats and mice, and keep away burglars. The Esquimaux dog's name was Joey Wilder, and the Black-and-Tan's was Sancho Keene.

F. K.

THE POINTER AND SETTER.

The Pointer and Setter are used for hunting birds. When they find them they wait until the hunters come up. The Pointer stands and points with his nose right at the birds, but the Setter sits down and waits for the men to shoot; then he goes and brings them to the hunters.

The English first got their Pointers from Spain. They are easier managed than the Setters. The Spanish Pointer was a liver-and-white dog. A man once paid one hundred and twenty guineas for a Pointer; that is six hundred dollars. There was a great deal of pains taken to improve these dogs and train them. A Pointer will wait two or three hours for a man to come to the game. A man once found a Pointer that had frozen to death waiting for the hunter.

M. L. J.

THE PRAIRIE WOLF.

The wolf is an animal of the order carnivora, or flesh-eating animal, and of the dog family. The prairie wolf which the Mexicans call Coyote is smaller than the gray wolf and much like the Jackal. The true wolf has a howl like that of a dog, but the prairie wolf has only a snapping bark, whence it is sometimes called the barking wolf. It lives in burrows on the great Western plains; is very swift and hunts in packs. It is thirty-six to forty inches long, with a tail of sixteen or eighteen inches; the muzzle sharp and fox-like, the ears very large and erect, four toes on each foot, and on the fore feet a sharp claw in the inside, two inches above. The color is usually dull yellowish gray with black cloudings, the under parts dirty white.

J. D.

THREE.

Three baby birds on the wing;
Where did they learn how to sing?
Who, do you think, taught them how
To fly from their nest on a bough?

Three baby buds on the stem;
Who can it be fashioned them
Out of the black garden mould,
Rose-tinted, fold upon fold?

Three baby stars in the sky;
How did they climb up so high?
What but a power divine
Made them to twinkle and shine?

—Youth's Companion.

Blessed are they who die for God
And earn a martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in his sight.

—Procter.

Great efforts from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him that has no motive for performing it.

Patient parents and patient teachers alone can teach children the lesson of patience.—Macon Telegraph.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.

UNITY.

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Notes from the Field.

BIG RAPIDS, MICH.—The new Unitarian church, the fourth in the State within the last two years, is to be dedicated on the 18th inst. Revs. Gibbs, Sunderland, Wales, Kittredge and Jones are expected to be present.

TORONTO, CANADA—Rev. C. K. Gibson, who has recently identified himself with the Unitarian fellowship, is to occupy the pulpit of Hilary Bygrave of this place for a few Sundays, beginning May 11th. Mr. Gibson expects to be present at the Western Conference.

DR. F. VON BADENFELD.—A correspondent in Rochester, N. Y., writes to warn our readers that a book-agent operating under this name, and showing letters of recommendation from a number of distinguished Eastern ministers, has been proved to be a thorough fraud. A number of Rochester people who have paid him in advance for books find themselves with nothing to show for their money. "Von Badenfeld" is now supposed to be at work in the West. UNITY readers will please take notice.

NORMAL, ILLS.—J. R. Effinger, the minister-at-large of the Illinois Fraternity, preached on the 27th ult., at the M. E. church in this place, the room being cordially tendered to him by the society. There was a large attendance of the students and faculty of the college. The "Unity Hymns and Chorals" was used and a spirit of helpfulness pervaded the occasion. On the 3d inst., he occupied

the Congregational church at MacLane in this State, further evidence that dogmatic religion and fence-building churches are on the decline. Fraternity is becoming a more real thing than ecclesiastical names or theological terms.

THE PACIFIC COAST.—A postal card just received from Brother C. W. Wendte gives the following account of how he is resting in the summer lands of California. We hope he will be present to enlarge upon this note, at the Western Conference. May his face see the light of Chicago before these words.

I am enjoying much, visiting familiar scenes and old friends, studying the condition of social and religious life on this coast. My time is too crowded to permit even a letter to UNITY. I preached at the Starr King church twice, and also addressed the Sunday School on Easter Sunday—impressive occasion to me. Spoke to the Women's Society also on the Auxiliary Conferences and their work, lectured to Jackson's folks at Santa Barbara, and Victoria. Leave for Portland to-morrow.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS—Things are perceptibly looking up in Kansas. The second annual meeting of the Kansas Conference, which convened in the old historic church, found it renovated above and renewed below. From Tuesday night to Wednesday night, the 29th and 30th ult., the attendance was large, earnest and genial. Mr. Learned introduced and Mr. Jones closed the program with preaching. During the day papers were read by Mr. Powell and Mr. Learned and ample time was given to the discussion of business and plans of campaign. Mr. Savage of Kansas City was unexpectedly called away in the early part of the session. Our space forbids further mention, but it was a good conference and more will be heard of it anon.

BUCHANAN, MICH.—Rev. W. C. Hicks, who has been associated with the Christian denomination, has recently found his faith too large and his sympathy too broad, for those who choose to use this name for circumscribing religious fellowship and dividing earnest men and women. Some twenty-five of his former members followed him out of the technical into the real Christianity, and they have organized themselves into a band of workers under the following inclusive basis:

"We whose names are subjoined agree to associate ourselves together as a church of God, fully recognizing the right of private judgment and public speech, both in those who preach and teach and those who hear—making in no case any test save that of a good moral life and character. We extend a cordial welcome to all who are willing to co-operate with us in advancing the cause of Love, Freedom and Truth, through the study

and practice of that reasonable religion founded on 'Love to God and love to man.'"

Mr. Hicks has found fellowship and sympathy in Mr. Jennings of La Porte, his nearest neighbor, and an exchange between them is being arranged.

HUMBOLDT, IA.—One of the most interesting and promising characteristics of the Western Unitarian churches is to be found in the variety and unconventional character of their attempts to deepen the religious life and to quicken the intellectual activity of the communities in which they labor. Of all these experiments we recall none more unique and vigorous than that which is now in successful course of operation in this parish, in the shape of twelve Sunday evening lectures on the subject "Some Unitarian Preachers in and out of the Pulpit." The course began March 23d, and nine out of the twelve lectures are given by the young people in Miss Safford's parish. Think of that, ye older, larger and richer parishes! An Unity Club conducting Sunday evening services for three months! The subjects and the speakers given below offer a stimulating model to our other Unity Clubs:

1. Early Unitarianism in America, Minister
2. William Ellery Channing, the Apostle,
G. H. Shellenberger
3. Theodore Parker, the Prophet,
Elinor E. Gordon
4. John Quincy Adams, the Statesman,
C. A. Babcock
5. Lucretia Mott, the Reformer, W. J. Taft
6. Unitarianism in Literature, - Minister
7. Margaret Fuller, the Critic,
Mary E. White
8. Henry W. Longfellow, the Poet, Mae Lyon
9. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Moralist,
G. S. Garfield
10. Lydia Maria Child, the Philanthropist,
Alice E. Taft
11. The Unitarianism of To-day and To-morrow, - Minister
12. Special Lecture, subject: The Relation of Disease to Morality, by G. H. Clark.

Simultaneous with these Sunday evening lectures the pastor is giving a series of Sunday morning sermons on the following topic:

The Faith that was Taught and the Character that was exemplified by Jesus of Nazareth.

He believed in—	He possessed—
1, Duty,	2, Sincerity,
3, Man,	4, Courage,
5, God,	6, Earnestness,
7, Prayer,	8, Reasonableness,
9, Inspiration,	10, Humility,
11, Justice,	12, Patience,
13, Eternal Life,	14, Reverence,
	15, Love.

ATLANTA.—The new Unitarian chapel in Atlanta, Ga., was dedicated on Wednesday evening, April 23, with a sermon by

R. R. Shippen, of Washington, D. C. Revs. C. A. Allen, of New Orleans, E. C. L. Browne, of Charleston, S. C., G. A. Thayer, of Cincinnati, took part in the exercises, and the pastor, Rev. G. L. Chaney, offered the prayer of dedication. Mr. Shippen preached from I. Peter, 3:15, "The Church of the Living God," explaining eloquently the distinctive ideas of the Unitarian Church. On Thursday morning, after prayer-meeting led by Rev. Mr. Browne, Rev. Mr. Shippen was appointed chairman, and the Southern Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches was organized. The following Constitution and Board of Officers was subsequently reported and adopted:

CONSTITUTION.

To promote acquaintance and co-operation between the Unitarian churches already existing in the South; to extend toward other Christian churches our brotherly sympathy; to devise means for the friendly correspondence and so far as possible the religious conference and comfort of our scattered fellow-believers, and to prepare ourselves for such opportunities of united religious service as shall be opened to us in the future development of this portion of our common country, we unite to form the Southern Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches. The officers of this Conference shall be a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and Treasurer, and a board of nine Directors, who shall perform the duties usually appertaining to these offices. An annual meeting shall be held and other meetings whenever deemed necessary and practicable to the officers. The officers shall be elected at the annual meeting, and shall hold office until others are elected in their place.

OFFICERS.

President—A. B. Rose, M. D., of Charleston.

Vice-Presidents—J. M. Gould, of New Orleans; F. G. Bromberg, of Mobile; J. A. Burns, of Atlanta.

Sec'y and Treas.—J. Russell Hodge, of Atlanta.

Directors—Alva Gage, Mrs. M. E. Mills, Rev. E. C. L. Browne, Charleston; W. H. Snowden, Mrs. A. N. Gude, Rev. G. L. Chaney, Atlanta; W. Palfrey, Mrs. Chas. Holloway, Rev. C. A. Allen, New Orleans.

Rev. Mr. Thayer gave an account of the excellent work that had been done in the Cincinnati church by corresponding with scattered Unitarians in the Western States and supplying them with religious reading. Other reports were made of work which had been done during the past year. Rev. Mr. Parker, of the Congregationalist church of Atlanta, was called upon and made an excellent speech. In the evening addresses were made by the visiting ministers. An interesting letter descriptive of the dedication, from Mr. Thayer of Cincinnati, will be found on another page.

Announcements.

CITY OF MEXICO.

The Mexican Central trains are now running from El Paso to the City of Mexico on a schedule time of fifty-eight hours. This is a decided improvement over the old stage coach trip of two weeks.

The fare, fifty-two dollars and fifty cents, is also an improvement over the old time when it cost a fortune to visit the "Halls of the Montezumas."

The opening of this road in the spring of the year is most opportune in more ways than one. It gives the capitalist and prospector a chance to begin operations during the best season of the year, though, for that matter, the season rarely conflicts with any occupation whatever in Mexico.

It is most opportune for the tourist who will wish to get away from the sultry days of our own summer to the magnificent summer of the Mexican plateau.

The country through which the road runs is situated at an elevation of from five to seven thousand feet above sea-level, and its climate is simply superb. In the oddity of the people, the quaintness of the cities and antiquity of its ruins, Mexico rivals Europe itself.

Until Mexico is Americanized, at least, a trip to that Spanish America will be as interesting as the "grand tour," while the great difference in expense will make it for most of us the favorite.

It is noticeable that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé and Mexican Central are the only roads that meet in a Union depot at El Paso, where the trains stand side by side, thus avoiding a troublesome transfer across the city. Another conspicuous feature of the train service is the arrangement by which those coming to El Paso over the Santa Fé make almost immediate connection with the Mexican trains, while by other routes the traveler suffers a delay of some fifteen hours. Perhaps this was an accident, and perhaps it wasn't; at all events, the average tourist will take the quickest and most convenient route.

The Santa Fé trains run from Kansas City to El Paso without change of cars of any kind, so that the companies have practically a through route from the Missouri River to the City of Mexico.

One of the pleasantest things about a trip along this route is the entire absence of danger from the diseases incident to a journey on the low lands, for the Mexican Central's entire course is on the great

plateau from five to seven thousand feet above the sea-level.

The summer climate, on account of the elevation, is simply magnificent, and will always hold for this route the favor of the public, while its American *compadre*, the Santa Fé, will open the eyes of the Eastern tourist with their grand hotel at the Las Vegas Hot Springs, now being rebuilt on a grander scale than before, with the ancient city of Santa Fé and the vine-clad valley of the Rio Grande.

One of the items of acknowledgment of donations to the Marietta flood relief, in UNITY of May 1, should have read "The Unitarian church of Lexington, Mass., through Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, of Cincinnati, \$35.00."

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For maps, descriptive circulars and summer resort papers, or other information not obtainable at your local ticket office, write to the

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UNITY, Vol. XIII.

FOR

Freedom, Fellowship and Character
in Religion.

With the first of March UNITY enters upon its
Seventh Year.

Its aims will remain unchanged except so far as its purposes have been intensified and deepened by its six years experience.

The management will remain in the hands of the same Editorial Committee that has directed its infant steps thus far.

During the last year our publishers, through the effective work of Mr. Chas. H. Kerr, our Business Agent, have been enabled greatly to improve the practical affairs of our little paper.

The number of those who speak through UNITY columns as editorial or occasional contributors, has also increased.

As an indication of our prospective force we can do no better than to offer a partial list of those who during the last year have lent willing hands and with whose help and that of our subscribers we expect to continue in nursing our infant into a more useful maturity.

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Jocoseria.

"Suppose that we part (work done comes play)
With"—

The hymn beginning "The consecrated cross I'd bear" had just been sung, and in the momentary quiet that followed the perplexed youth turned to his father: "Say, Pa, where do they keep the consecrated cross-eyed bear?"

A paper tells of a man who was complaining that he had invested a rather large sum of money in Wall street, and had lost it all. A sympathizing friend asked him whether he had been a "bull" or a "bear." He replied, "Neither; I was a donkey."

"What are the religious papers doing towards directing souls heavenward?" is the title of an article in a pious contemporary. Well, we know for one thing they are advertising patent medicines and cheap revolvers by the column at half rates.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Bishop Clark says: "A student in the Andover Seminary, whom I well knew and who afterwards became a very useful minister, was suspended for awhile because of the offense that he gave when it came his turn to 'return thanks' at the close of the commons dinner by venturing to suggest that, if it were consistent with the divine purpose, it would be gratifying to have some improvement in the fare."

Just after the late King's Restauration, when going to Church came to be a fashion, an old Woman was advised by her Neighbors to go to Church; for fear of being Presented, she was resolved to go once a month to save her Bacon: So dressing herself very fine, she came into the Church, just at the Expiration of the Litany, and the Parson having said, *Lord have mercy upon us*, and then the People Responding thereto, she Cried out aloud, *I never was here before in my Life, and since you make such a Wonderment at it I will never come again.*

Juvenile Definitions.

A writer in a juvenile magazine lately gathered a number of dictionary words as defined by young people, of which the following seem to be genuine: "Dust—Mud with the juice squeezed out. Fan—A thing to brush warm off with. Ice—Water that staid out in the cold and went to sleep. Monkey—A very small boy with a tail. Pig—A hog's little boy. Salt—What makes your potato taste bad when you don't put any on. Snoring—Letting off sleep. Wakefulness—Eyes all the time coming unbuttoned."

A Tired Woman's Last Words.

Here lies an old woman who always was tired, For she lived in a house where the help wasn't hired. Her last words on earth were: "Dear friends, I am going
Where washing ain't done, nor churning, nor sewing;
And everything there will be just to my wishes,
For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,
But having no voice I'll get rid of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, and mourn for me never,
For I'm going to do nothing forever and ever."

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